'98 Centenary Committee's Publications, No. 2.

MEMOIR

OF

ROBERT EMMET

INCLUDING

HIS SPEECH FROM THE DOCK
JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY'S ODE
AND OTHER SONGS

PRICE ONE PENNY.

PUBLISHED BY
THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL, '98 CENTENARY COMMITTEE,
CITY HALL, DUBLIN.
OFFICES—15 D'OLIER STREET.

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NOTE TO THE READER.

The Executive Council regret the delay that has taken place in the publication of the first number—the Memoir of William Orr. They disclaim all responsibility for this delay. To prevent a recurrence of it the Council have arranged to publish the future numbers themselves. The next publication will be issued on 10th March, and will consist of a Memoir of Thomas Addis Emmet, with Six of the Letters written by him under the name of "Montanus" published in *The Press;* and, if possible, other numbers at weekly intervals.

The Council recommend the reader to procure works in appended list, which will be supplied by Mr. T. G. O'Donoghue, Bookseller, Bedford Row, Dublin, with whom the Council have made arrangements for the purpose. The Council trusts that every reader will try to get a little reading-room established in the village in which he lives, and that, pending the establishment of the reading-room, he will arrange with his co-Nationalists for home-reading circles, and for the exchange of books for the purpose.

The ode of John Boyle O'Reilly is included, to enable the youth of both sexes to learn it for recitation, and the songs that they may be learned and sung at gatherings in the homes of the people and at National assemblies, and a thorough effort should be made to stamp out the demoralizing songs of the London Music Hall class.

Emmet is the subject of all the songs, with the exception of "Let Erin remember the days of old." The air of the latter was a favourite one of Emmet's, and is included on that account. On one occasion, when Moore played it, he exclaimed, "Oh, that I were marching to that air with 20,000 men."

PUBLICATIONS RECOMMENDED.

LIST No. 1—'98.

Wolfe Tone's Autobiography. Edited by Barry O'Brien. Fisher Unwin, London. Cl., 12s. 6d. net; 2 vols.

Abridged Edition do. By Wolfe Tone's Son. Cameron, Ferguson, Glasgow. Wrap., 1s.

Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. By Moore. Cameron, Ferguson, Glasgow. Wrap., 1s.

Ulster in '98. By R. M. Young. Cl., 1s.

Ulster Biographies of '98. By W. T. Latimer. Cleeland, Belfast. Cl., 1s. 6d.

Betsy Gray: A Tale of '98. Belfast.

Ireland Ninety Years ago. Gill, Dublin. Wrap., 1s.

Rory O'More. By Samuel Lover. Scott, London. Cl., 2s.

History of '98. By Rev. P. F. Kavanagh. Guy, Cork. Cl., 2s. 6d.

Secret Service under Pitt. By W. Fitzpatrick. Longman, London. Cl., 7s. 6d.

Michael Dwyer. By Campion. Cameron, Ferguson. Wrap., 8d., post free.

The Sham Squire. By W. J. Fitzpatrick. Gill, Dublin. Cl., 3s. 6d.

O'Halloran, the Insurgent Chief. By M'Henry. Cameron, Ferguson, Glasgow. Wrap., 8d., post free.

Literary Remains of the United Irishmen. Duffy, Dublin. Cl., 1s.

Speeches from the Dock. *Nation*, Dublin. Wrap., 2s.

Weekly Independent '97 Christmas Number. *Independent* Printing and Publishing Co., Dublin. Wrap., 3d.

Weekly Freeman '98 Almanac. *Freeman*, Dublin. Wrap., 3d.

Illustration of Wolfe Tone. *Irish Independent* Printing and Publishing Co. Plate paper, 3d.

Songs and Ballads of '98. B. Doyle, Dublin. Wrap., 1d.

'98 Readings. Connolly, 67 Middle Abbey Street Wrap., 1d.

'98 Centenary Committee Publications. Executive Council, Dublin. No. 1, William Orr; No. 2, Robert Emmet.

LIST No. 2—'48, &c.

Mitchel's History of Ireland. Duffy, Dublin. Cl., 3s.

M'Nevin's Volunteers of 1782. Duffy, Dublin. Cl., 1s.; Wrap., 8d., post free.

Davis' Essays. Duffy, Dublin. Cl., 1s.; wrap., 8d., post free.

Davis' Poems. Duffy, Dublin. Cl., 1s.; wrap., 8d., post free.

Duffy's Life of Thomas Davis. Fisher Unwin. Cl., 2s.; wrap., 8d., post free.

Mitchel's Last Conquest of Ireland (Perhaps). Cameron, Ferguson. Wrap., 1s.

Duffy's Ballad Poetry of Ireland. Duffy, Dublin. Cl., 1s.; wrap., 6d.

Spirit of the Nation. Young Ireland Writers. Duffy, Dublin. Cl., 1s.; wrap., 6d.

Young Ireland. By Duffy. Unwin, London. Wrap., 4s. 2 vols.

Mitchel's Life of Hugh O'Neill. Duffy, Dublin. Cl., 1s.; wrap., 8d., post free.

Writings of Fintan Lalor. O'Donoghue, Dublin. Cl., 1s.; wrap., 6d.

Irish Minstrelsy. By Sparling. Scott, London. Cl., 1s.

Irish Songs and Ballads. By Duncathail. Gill, Dublin. Wrap., 3d., post free.

Life of Owen Roe O'Neill. By J. F. Taylor. Fisher Unwin, London. Cl., 2s.; wrap., 1s.

Lays of the Western Gael. Sealy, Bryers & Walker, Dublin. Cl., 2s.; wrap., 1s.

Memoir of Robert Emmet.

The birth of Robert Emmet occurred upon the 4th of March, and upon every anniversary should that birth be celebrated. He was born in Dublin in 1778. For struggling for the liberties of his countrymen he was convicted, according to the methods devised by English law for the destruction of Irish Nationalists, by a jury selected under a corrupt system, and by the directions of a corrupt judge. According to English law he was a felon, a traitor to what English law called his King. Yet the name of that traitor has a talismanic influence upon the heart of every Irishman who admires purity of purpose and self-sacrificing character.

Almost a hundred years have elapsed since the Executioner, in front of St. Catherine's Church, upholding the decapitated head of Emmet, cried, according to the formula of the time, "This is the head of the traitor," yet, since then, poems have been written in honour of this so-called traitor—songs extolling him have come down a century to perpetuate his memory, and children have been taught them at their mothers' knees. Upon the walls of rooms of most of the people his picture hangs. Year after year, wherever out of Ireland the Irish race are found congregated, every 4th of March witnesses a gathering

in his honour to hear and re-hear the story of his life, his purpose, his work, and his death. In fine, Irishmen and Irishwomen look forward to the time when his epitaph, in the literal meaning of his Speech from the Dock, may be written upon his tomb.

Such is the traitor to English law, and of such has the class of Irishman ever consisted, when a government—detested by the people, and to which the people, disarmed, object—consign through almost every decade of years to the gibbet or the gaol.

Robert Emmet was the son of a Medical Doctor who resided in 4 Molesworth Street, Dublin, and subsequently on Stephen's Green, Dublin. Robert was born at the former address.

Like most of the best prominent Nationalists that Ireland has brought to her service—he was a Protestant and, like most of such Nationalists, he was educated in Trinity College.

His attachment to National principles was of early growth. He was brother, but some years younger, of Thomas Addis Emmet, one of the United Irishmen. He entered Trinity College when fifteen years old. He was but twenty years old at the date of the Insurrection of '98, which some unthinking Nationalist and Nationalist newspapers call the "Rebellion" of '98. In Trinity College there existed the Historical Society. Emmet was an active member of that Society. Current politics were excluded from its debates, but, nevertheless, the debates, while without reference to current politics by name, were in abstract terms made to effect useful educational work upon the National movement. Thomas Moore was a frequent attend-

ant at these meetings of the Historical Society, and in his Memoirs describes Emmet's part in the proceedings at great length. The following, related by Moore, will afford an example of the mode in which the debates were made to bear on the National movement. The subject fixed for discussion was: "Whether a soldier was bound on all occasions to obey the order of his commanding officer." Moore states—"Emmet, after refuting this notion as degrading to human nature, imagined the case of a soldier, who having thus blindly fought in the ranks of the oppressor, had fallen in the combat, and then most powerfully described him as rushing after death into the presence of his Creator, and exclaiming in an agony of remorse, whilst he holds forth his sword, still reeking with the blood of the oppressed and innocent, "Oh God, I know not why I have done this." The College Historical Society was doing useful National work, it was educating Irishmen upon Irish history, the necessity for Nationhood, and upon the curse of provincialism. The authorities held an inspection, and nineteen students were expelled. Emmet then applied to have his name removed from the College roll.

The immediate failure of the Insurrection of 1798 did not convert Emmet. He was determined not to acquiesce in the condition of things that existed. He declared that Ireland could never be free or happy while ever the connection with England lasted. He acted up to this conviction. His life-work was to make his "Country take her place amongst the Nations of the Earth."

The enthusiasm he felt he infused into others. He was in Holland with his brother in 1802, and in communication with some of the leading United Irishmen. He returned to Ireland in the Autumn of that year, and for the rest of it devoted himself to getting the remnants of the local leaders of his countrymen, who had escaped hanging, the press gang, or banishment, together for common action to make another attempt for Independence. The result was the Insurrection of 1803. It was intended that the first move of that Insurrection should be to take the Castle of Dublin, the idea being that with Dublin in possession of the Nationalists, the expulsion of the English garrison from Ireland was an easy matter. This view has been shared by many Irishmen since.

With a small, but altogether undisciplined, band he marched from the Marshalsea depôt to Thomas Street towards the Castle. On the route a carriage, containing Lord Kilwarden, was met by the Insurgents. Lord Kilwarden was dragged from the carriage by some of the band and killed. His daughter, who accompanied him, was, it is stated, escorted by Emmet to safety. Emmet found that an undisciplined band was useless to deal with a disciplined army, and they practically disbanded before the Castle was reached.

Emmet might have subsequently escaped the country, and thus have been enabled to render future assistance to Ireland, but he loved the daughter of John Philpot Curran, and he desired to pay her a visit before leaving. He was discovered at

Harold's Cross in a house at Mount Drummond Avenue, arrested, subsequently tried, and condemned to death.

His judge was the notorious Lord Norbury, who was also a relative of Emmet. A callous man, one who had the reputation in trials in which capital sentences were the result of conviction (we do not vouch for the accuracy of the statement, but the story gives an indication of the man's character), of slumbering on the bench, and on awakening crying out "Hang him! Hang him!"

The speech that Emmet made on that occasion is appended—it has been read by millions. As a statement of exhalted patriotism, it is unexcelled. It has been read by every generation since it was uttered. While Ireland is, it will continue to be read, and the lesson which it teaches will be studied, and will in the end be taught.

Where the remains of Emmet are interred has always been a subject of controversy. The place most generally accepted is St. Michan's Churchyard, Church Street, Dublin, near to the grave of Charles Lucas, and where repose the remains of the brothers Sheares, Oliver Bond, and other notable Irishmen. The other places mentioned have been the churchyard attached to the Protestant Church in the village of Old Glasnevin—Bully's Acre—and the graveyard of St. Catherine's Church.

There are, and have been, a large number of National Clubs named after Emmet. Would it not be well if each of them took in hands each year, on the anniversary of his birth, the holding of a re-union

in honour of his memory, and on the anniversary of his death the placing of a wreath on his supposed grave? That doubts have been raised as to where he was actually buried should not make a difficulty. Let St. Michan's be selected, and if devotees of the other places mentioned prefer some one of the other places, then let their wreaths be placed in such other places, but let them be placed.

A slight contribution from each Club would erect slabs to notify places of interest to his name, such as the house in which he was born, Stephen's Green, Harold's Cross, and Rathfarnham, where he lived, etc. Even if no monument were erected to him, his grave should be neatly kept and railed in.

In connection with Emmet, reference should be made to his housekeeper, Anne Devlin. She was a niece of Michael Dwyer. She kept house for Emmet in Harold's Cross. She was aware of his movements. The agents of the English Government sought to induce her to betray him. On Harold's Cross Green she was flogged and hanged till her tongue protruded, for refusing to betray him, and she was imprisoned for nearly two years. But neither flogging, hanging, nor imprisonment had any effect upon her. She died in 1851, at the age of 70. She is buried in Prospect Cemetery, Glasnevin, County Dublin, by the side of the pathway on which the memorial to the Manchester Martyrs stands, but on the opposite side of the pathway. The following is the inscription upon her grave:—"To the memory of Anne Devlin (Campbell), the faithful servant of Robert Emmet, who possessed some rare and noble

qualities, who lived in obscurity and poverty, and so died, the 18th of September, 1851, aged 70 years."

All that has been stated in reference to placing of a wreath upon the grave of Emmet applies also to that of Anne Devlin. May the Emmet Clubs remember to discharge their obligations to both!

EMMET'S SPEECH FROM THE DOCK.

My Lords—

I am asked what have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law. I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have laboured to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been cast upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your mind can be so free from prejudice as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and that is the utmost that I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbour to shelter it from the storms by which it is buffetted. Was I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of the law, labour in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere, whether in the sentence of the court, or in the catastrophe, time must determine. A man in my situation has not only to

encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port—when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in the defence of their country and of virtue, this is my hope—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High—which displays its power over man, as over the beasts of the forest—which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standard—a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans, and the tears of the widows it has made.

[Here Lord Norbury interrupted Mr. Emmet, saying—"that the mean and wicked enthusiasts who felt as he did, were not equal to the accomplishment of their wild designs."]

I appeal to the immaculate God—I swear by the Throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me—that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and through all my purposes, governed only by the conviction which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed;

and I confidently hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest of enterprises. Of this I speak with confidence, of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lords, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness. A man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie, will not hazard his character with posterity, by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, or a pretence to impeach the probity which he means to preserve, even in the grave, to which tyranny consigns him.

[Here he was again interrupted by the Court.]

Again I say, that what I have spoken was not intended for your lordship, whose situation I commisserate rather than envy—my expressions were for my countrymen. If there is a true Irishman present, let my last words cheer him in the hour of his affliction.

[Here he was again interrupted. Lord Norbury said he did not sit there to hear treason.]

I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law. I have also understood that judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience, and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer, with tender benignity, their opinions of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime of which he was adjudged guilty. That a judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt; but where is the boasted freedom of your insti-

tutions—where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency, and mildness of your courts of justice if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, and not justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated? My lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to the purposed ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the purposed shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court. You, my lord, are a judge; I am the supposed culprit. I am a man; you are a man also. By a revolution of power we might change places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this court, and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice! If I stand at this bar and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it. Does the sentence of death, which your unhallowed policy inflicts on my body, condemn my tongue to silence and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence; but while I exist I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions; and, as a man, to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honour and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my lords, we must appear on the great day at one common tribunal; and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe, who was engaged in the most virtuous actions, or swayed by the purest motives—my country's oppressor, or——

[Here he was interrupted, and told to listen to the sentence of the law].

My lords, will a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself in the eyes of the community from an undeserved reproach, thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away for a paltry consideration the liberties of his country? Why did your lordships insult me? Or rather, why insult justice, in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced against me? I know, my lords, that form prescribes that you should ask the question. The form also presents the right of answering. This, no doubt, may be dispensed with, and so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the Castle before the jury were empanelled. Your lordships are but the priests of the oracle, and I insist on the whole of the forms.

[Here Mr. Emmet paused, and the Court desired him to proceed.]

I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France! and for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country; and for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradiction? No; I am no emissary; and my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country, not in power nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Sell my country's independence to France! and for what? What is a change of masters? No, but for my ambition. Oh, my country, was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself amongst the proudest of your oppressor. My country was my Idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up myself, O God! No, my lords; I acted as an Irishman, determined

on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, which is its joint-partner and perpetrator in the patricide, from the ignominy existing with an exterior of splendour and a conscious depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly rivetted despotism—I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world. Connection with France was, indeed, intended, but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were the French to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be signal for their destruction. We sought their aid—and we sought it as we had assurance we should obtain it—as auxiliaries in war, and allies in peace. Were the French to come as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes! my countrymen, I should advise you to meet them upon the beach with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other. I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war. I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil of my country. If they succeed in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, burn every blade of grass, and the last entrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself, if I should fall, I should leave as a last charge to my countrymen to accomplish; because I should feel conscious that life, any more than death, is unprofitable when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection. But it was not as an enemy that the succours of France were to land. I looked, indeed, for the assistance of France; but I wished to prove to France and to the world that Irishmen deserved to be assisted—that they were indignant at slavery, and ready to

assert the independence and liberty of their country; I wished to procure for my country the guarantee which Washington procured for America—to procure an aid which, by its example, would be as important as its valour; disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science and experience; that of a people who would perceive the good, and polish the rough points of our character. They would come to us as strangers, and leave us as friends, after sharing in our perils and elevating our destiny. These were my objects; not to receive new taskmasters, but to expel old tyrants. It was for these ends I sought aid from France; because France, even as an enemy, could not be more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country.

[Here he was interrupted by the Court.]

I have been charged with that importance in the emancipation of my country, as to be considered the key-stone of the combination of Irishmen; or, as your Lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of the conspiracy." You do me honour over much; you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my lord—men before the splendour of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves disgraced by shaking your blood-stained hand.

[Here he was interrupted.]

What, my lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to the scaffold, which that tyranny (of which you are only the intermediary executioner) has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor—shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not

to repel it? I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent Judge to answer for the conduct of my whole life; and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here? By you, too; although if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhallowed ministry in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim it it.

[Here the Judge interfered.]

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonour; let no man attaint my memory, by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power, in the oppression and misery of my country. The proclamation of the Provisional Government speaks for our views; no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the foreign and domestic oppressor. In the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence—am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent it? No; God forbid!

[Here Lord Norbury told Mr. Emmet that his sentiments and language disgraced his family and his education, but more particularly his father, Dr. Emmet, who was a man, if alive, that would not countenance such opinions. To which Mr. Emmet replied :—]

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life, oh! ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now about to offer up my life. My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim—it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are now bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven. Be yet patient! I have but a few more words to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave—my lamp of life is nearly extinguished—my race is run—the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world; it is—THE CHARITY OF ITS SILENCE. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me rest in obscurity and peace; and my tomb remain uninscribed, and my memory in oblivion, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.

ODE BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

THE PATRIOT'S GRAVE.

[Read at the Emmet Centennial in Boston, March 4, 1878.]

I.

TEAR down the crape from the column! Let the shaft
stand white and fair!
Be silent the wailing music—there is no death in the air!
We come not in plaint or sorrow—no tears may dim our
sight:
We dare not weep o'er the epitaph we have not dared
to write.

Come hither with glowing faces, the sire, the youth, and
the child;
This grave is a shrine for reverent hearts and hands that
are undefiled:
Its ashes are inspiration; it giveth us strength to bear,
And sweepeth away dissention, and nerveth the will to
dare.

In the midst of the tombs, a Gravestone—and written
thereon no word!
And behold, at the head of the grave, a gibbet, a torch,
and a sword!
And the people kneel by the gibbet, and pray by the
nameless stone
For the torch to be lit, and the name to be writ, and
the sword's red work to be done!

II.

With pride and not with grief
We lay this century leaf
Upon the tomb, with hearts that do not falter:
A few brief, toiling years
Since fell the nation's tears,
And lo, the patriot's gibbet is an altar!

The people that are blest
Have him they love the best
To mount the martyr's scaffold when they need him;
And vain the cords that bind
While the nation's steadfast mind,
Like the needle to the pole, is true to freedom!

III.

Three powers there are that dominate the world—
Fraud, Force, and Right—and two oppress the one:
The bolts of Fraud and Force like twins are hurled—
Against them ever standeth Right alone.

Cyclopian strokes the brutal allies give:
Their fetters massive and their dungeon walls;
Beneath their yoke, weak nations cease to live,
And valiant Right itself defenceless falls!

Defaced is law, and justice slain at birth;
Good men are broken—malefactors thrive;
But, when the tyrants tower o'er the earth,
Behind their wheels strong right is still alive!

Alive, like seed that God's own hand has sown—
Like seed that lieth in the lowly furrow,
But springs to life when wintry winds are blown:
To-day the earth is gray—'tis green to-morrow.

The roots strike deep despite the ruler's power,
The plant grows strong with summer sun and rain,
Till Autumn bursts the deep red-hearted flower,
And freedom marches to the front again!

While slept the right, and reigned the dual wrong,
Unchanged, unchecked, for half a thousand years,
In tears of blood we cried, "O Lord, how long?"
And even God seemed deaf to Erin's tears.

But when she lay all weak and bruised and broken,
Her white limbs seared with cruel chain and thorn—
As bursts the cloud, the lightning word was spoken,
God's seed took root—His crop of men was born!

With one deep breath began the land's progression:
On every field the seeds of freedom fell:
Burke, Grattan, Flood, and Curran in the session—
Fitzgerald, Sheares, and Emmet in the cell!

Such teachers soon aroused the dormant nation—
Such sacrifice insured the endless fight:
The voice of Grattan smote wrong's domination—
The death of Emmet sealed the cause of right!

IV.

Richest of gifts to a nation! Death with the living crown!
Type of ideal manhood to the people's heart brought down!

Fount of the hopes we cherish—Test of the things we do;
Gorgon's face for the traitor—Talisman for the true!

Sweet is the love of a woman, and sweet is the kiss of a child;
Sweet is the tender strength, and the bravery of the mild;

But sweeter than all, for embracing all, is the young life's peerless price—
The young heart laid on the altar, as a nation's sacrifice.

How can the debt be cancelled? Prayers and tears we may give—
But how recall the anguish of hearts that have ceased to live?

Flushed with the pride of genius—filled with the strength of life—
Thrilled with delicious passion for her who would be his wife—

This was the heart he offered—the upright life he gave—
This is the silent sermon of the patriot's nameless grave.

Shrine of a nation's honor—stone left blank for a name—
Light on the dark horizon to guide us clear from shame—

Chord struck deep with the keynote, telling us what can save—
"A nation among the nations," or forever a nameless grave.

Such is the will of the martyr—the burden we still must
bear;
But even from death he reaches the legacy to share:

He teaches the secret of manhood—the watchword of
those who aspire—
That men must follow freedom though it lead through
blood and fire;

That sacrifice is the bitter draught which freemen still
must quaff—
That every patriotic life is the patriot's epitaph.

SONGS BY MOORE.

WHEN HE, WHO ADORES THEE.

Air—"The Fox's Sleep."

When he, who adores thee, has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say wilt thou weep when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see,
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

Air—"The Brown Maid."

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps ;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

Air—"The Red Fox."

Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from her proud invader;
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining;
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover.

MY EMMET'S NO MORE.

Air—"Savourneen Dheelish."

Despair in her wild eye, a daughter of Erin,
Appear'd on the cliff of a bleak rocky shore,
Loose in the winds flowed her dark streaming ringlets,
And heedless she gazed on the drear surge's roar.

Loud rang her harp in wild tones of despairing,
The time passed away with the present comparing,
And in soul-thrilling strains deeper sorrow declaring,
  She sang Erin's woes and her Emmet's no more.

Oh, Erin, my country ! your glory's departed,
  For tyrant's and traitors have stabbed thy heart's core;
Thy daughters have laved in the streams of affliction !
  Thy patriots have fled, or lie stretch'd in their gore !
Ruthless ruffians now prowl through thy hamlets forsaken—
From pale hungry orphans their last morsel have taken—
The screams of thy females no pity awaken,
  Alas ! my poor country, your Emmet's no more !

Brave was his spirit, yet mild as the Brahmin,
  His heart bled in anguish at the wrongs of the poor;
To relieve their hard sufferings he braves every danger,
  The vengeance of tyrants undauntedly bore.
Even before him, the proud titled villains in power,
Were seen, though in ermine, in terror to cower,
But, alas ! he is gone, he has fallen a young flower,
  They have murdered my Emmet—my Emmet's no more !

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